# THE LINCOLNSHIRE WONDER;

OR, A

## *COMICAL DIALOGUE*

WHICH

lately happened in this Neighbourhood, between an Old Woman of Threescore and Ten, and a Youth about Twenty, whom she lately married.

Woman. COME young man, your youth, wit and learning, with your other fine accompliſhments, have ſo enſnared my heart, that I muſt own I could even now change my condition, and if you are willing, enter into wedlock.

Youth. Methinks the grave ought to be more in your thoughts than a huſband at this time of the day.

W. Though there is a little odds in our years, yet as I have money, and that conſiderable, will make amends for all other deficiencies.

Y. All the money in the world, without content, will never make us happy. Youth and age, winter and ſummer, can never agree; beſides children, (the only pledge of mutual love) would be wanting.

W. Children are certain cares, uncertain comforts, how happy are they who are without them.

Y. Now you ſpeak like the fox in the fable, who ſaid, hang them they are ugly ſour grapes, when he could not reach them.

W. Many children bring their parents to ſhame, ruin and deſtruction, by their lives and actions.

Y. I grant it, yet thoſe that have grace are an honour, comfort and ſupport to their aged parents.

W. Conſidering the cares, fears and troubles, they are the moſt happy who are without them.

Y. Ah, but our Saviour curſed the barren fig-tree, the fruitful vine is often commended, it is a comfortable expectation, and a pleaſing ſight, to ſee and find our children glorified ſaints in heaven, after this life.

W. Well, leaving theſe things to the clergy, as old as I am, I've a young tooth in my head.

Y. I find you have; but fine children would be wanting: What could incline you to think of wedlock at this time of the day? One would think, as I ſaid before, that your grave and winding-ſheet ſhould be more in your thoughts than a huſband,

W. Death I own, ſhould be always in my thoughts, the young as well as the old, are not ſure of their lives one moment: but love is an unaccountable thing, and I confeſs that I love you to diſtraction, though I can give no reaſon for it.

Y. I will venture to judge for you; perhaps like king David, you love me as he

did the young virgin, to warm, and cheriſh your old blood.

W. I am neither ſo old nor ſo cold as you take me to be.

Y. That's true; women that look out for huſbands are never old; I have a grandmother at home, will tell you ſhe is but forty years old, though ſhe was that forty years ago, becauſe ſhe is over head and ears in love with a young lad of ſixteen.

W. Then ſhe's a doating old fool for her pains.

Y. Now you ſpeak like a woman; they ſeldom give one another a good word: but ſhe is a looking glaſs to ſee your folly in.

W. I have ſeen a young man, and an old woman live comfortably together.

Y. Some have ſeen ſwallows in winter, ſhowers of money, honey, and God knows what, but we are not to ſee miracles every day.

W. But my dear if you will conſent to have me, I'll do more than any other woman would agree to, you ſhall have liberty to keep a handſome maid, that ſhe may wait upon you.

Y. So you would have me run a riſk, by keeping a handſome maid, would you.

W. No my dear, I have known thoſe that have done ſo.

Y. That is bad logic; marriage is a ſacred ſolemn thing, which our Saviour honoured with his firſt miracle; if we violate it, a curſe will follow here or hereafter.

W. My dear, I am but a ſimple woman, I won't pretend to diſpute with you that's a ſcholar, but in plain terms, I think I am neither ſo old nor ſo ugly but you may fancy me, and if any thing is wanting it ſhall be made up in obedience.

Y. Promiſes and pye-cruſts, they ſay, are made to be broken; if you catch me in the marriage nooſe you'll ſing another tune: for as the poet ſays,

Woman's fickle as the moon,
I'll truſt the wind and waves as ſoon.

W. Perhaps, my dear, you have an averſion to our ſex?

Y. God forbid, I love my mother, aunt, and ſiſters, and ſo I will my wife, if I can find an honeſt one.

W. Well, thus I ſolemnly promiſe you, if you will marry me, I'll prove a tender, loving, chaſte, honeſt and virtuous wife to you.

Y, Honeſt and chaſte you may be; for if I was a cuckold the devil muſt be the whoremaſter.

W. Why my dear do you think ſo? you

know the old saying, There's never ſo bad a jack but there's as bad a jill; pray what do you diſlike in me;

Y. To be plain, you are old, tall and clumſey, I love all little things but penny loves, of all evils the leaſt is to be choſen.

W. By your words one would believe you was a woman hater.

Y. The Lord forbid, but I am of Cato's, a wiſe man of Rome's, opinion, they are neceſſary evils, we can't do without them; but we ſhould uſe them as we do our horſes, keep them well, but keep them under.

W. For ſhame, my dear, don't compare a woman to a beaſt, compariſons are odious.

Y. Compariſons are not odious in this kingdom, our Saviour compared heaven to a grain of muſtard ſeed.

W. Don't ſpeak ſo very ſlightly of women, you know they are God's creation as well as the men.

Y. I own it, and ſo are toads, ſnakes, and the vileſt creatures, as well as we.

W. Do you make no difference between women and cattle, beaſts, and creeping things?

Y. The Lord forbid I did not; a virtuous woman is like an angel, the crown and glory of a man, the chief delight, comfort and happineſs of his life.

W. Such an one, I'll prove to you, If you'll have me.

Y. I have but your word for it, and marriage is of such conſequence, I muſt look before I leap, a man will not buy a horſe before he tries him.

W. Sure, my dear you don't expect the like an apprentice before marriage, I ſhould live with you upon trial.

Y. Sir Thomas Moore, Lord Chancellor of England, was of that opinion, that we ſhould ſearch ſee, and feel a woman before hand, ere we plunge into matrimony: Did the law of God allow it, I would willingly do the ſame.

W. He was a good lawyer, but a bad divine, he loſt his head on Tower Hill for politics.

Y. That was for denying the king's ſupremacy, for his reaſons were good in this caſe; to take a wife without knowing her thoroughly, is a dangerous ſtep.

W. Socrates and many other learned men, allow it is the hardeſt knowledge in the world, to know another's temper without experience and acquaintance.

Y. I grant it; for Solomon, a wiſe man, ſays, The heart of a wiſe man is deceitful: and above all this, in another place ſays, that not a man of a thouſand, nor a woman of ten thouſand, is honeſt, faithful, or unjuſt, or words to that purpoſe.

W. This I confeſs; but if you'll marry me, I'll be as conſtant to you as the loadſtone to the North Pole, the ſun to the dial, the ſeaſon to the year, the turtle to her mate, or any thing elſe that bears the name of conſtancy.

Y. Will you not ſcold me when I do amiſs?

W. No, I will be blind to all your faults.

Y. Will you be jealous if I ſhould love, toy, or play with another woman?

No, I'll ſhut my eyes, and go about my buſineſs.

Y. Will you follow me to the alehouſe when I am gaming and drinking days and nights together?

W. No, unleſs with a candle, to light you home when it is dark.

Y. If I get a child by the bye, will you ſmother it, and not expoſe me to the public?

W. I'll nouriſh it and cheriſh it, as if it were my own, becauſe it is yours.

Y. If I'm ſick, idle, or lazy, will you ſtrive to maintain me?

W. I'll work my fingers to the bone to ſerve you in ſickneſs or health.

Y. You won't alter your tone when we are married?

W. If I do you may kill me, that is, leave me, which would be as murder, or worſe, becauſe you are my life and ſoul, and are more dear and valuable to me than any thing in this world.

Y. My dear, I ſaid all this to try you; and I'll take out a licence to-morrow, and we will be married as ſoon as you pleaſe.

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